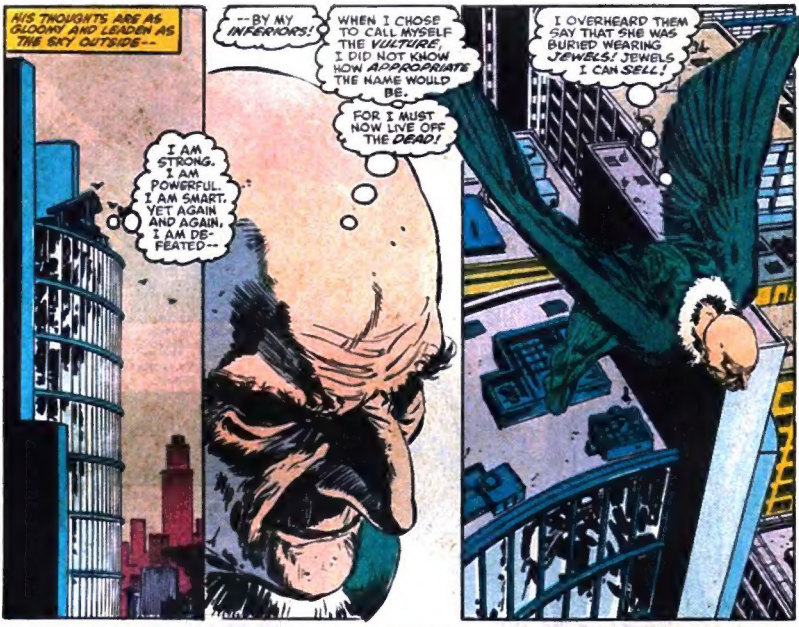
MARVEL
65¢
U.K. 30p
CAN. 75¢
225
DEC.
DAREDEVIL

DENNY O'NEIL STORY | DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI ART | JOE ROSEN LETTERING | KEN FEDUNIEWICZ COLORING | RALPH MACCHIO EDITING | JIM SHOOTER EDITOR IN CHIEF

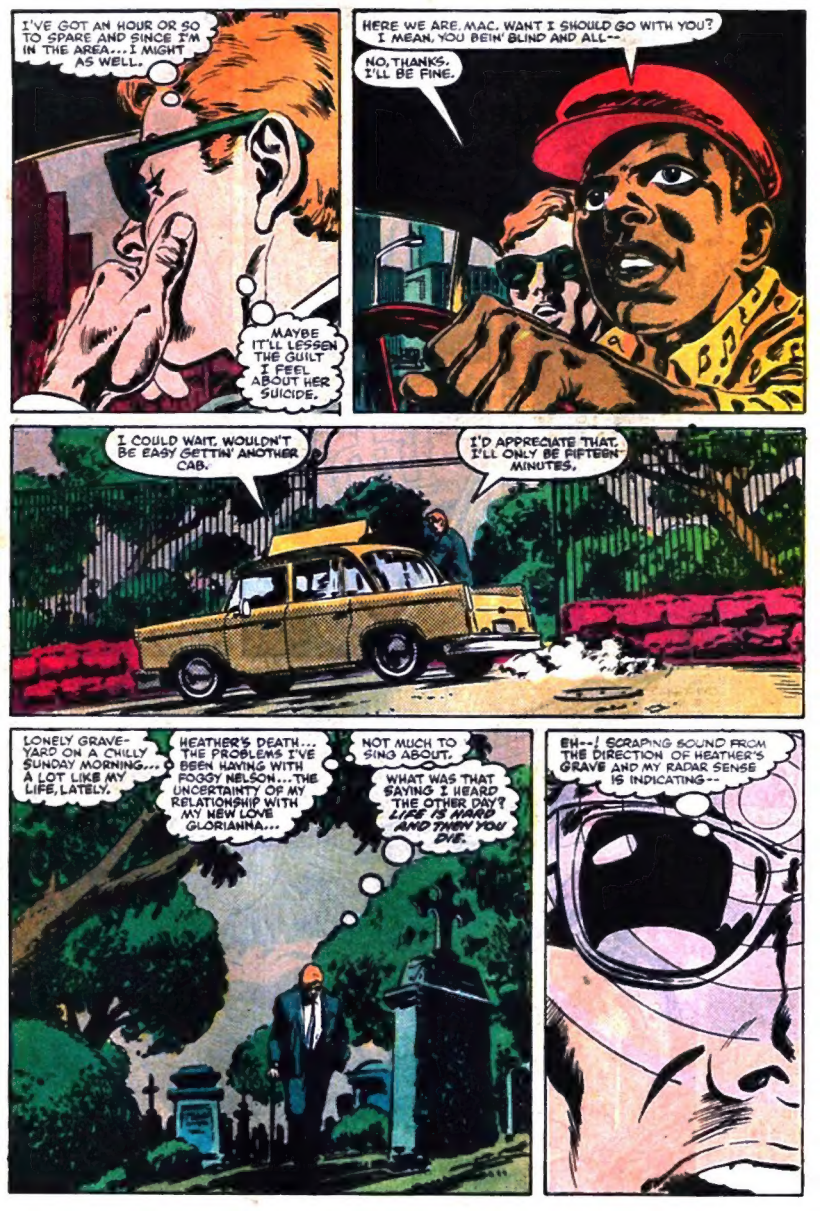
DAREDEVIL® Vol. 1, No. 225, December, 1985. (U.S.P.S. 148-440) Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galton, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hobson, Group Vice-President, Milton Schiffman, Vice-President, Production. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. **SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** Published monthly. Copyright © 1985 by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Price 65¢ per copy in the U.S. and 75¢ in Canada. Subscription rate $7.80 for 12 issues. Canada and Foreign, $9.80. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. DAREDEVIL (including all prominent characters featured in the issue), and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are trademarks of the MARVEL COMICS GROUP. **POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO DAREDEVIL, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, 10TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.**


HIS THOUGHTS ARE AS GLOOMY AND LEADEN AS THE SKY OUTSIDE--
--BY MY INFERIORS!
WHEN I CHOSE TO CALL MYSELF THE VULTURE, I DID NOT KNOW HOW APPROPRIATE THE NAME WOULD BE.
FOR I MUST NOW LIVE OFF THE DEAD!
I AM STRONG. I AM POWERFUL. I AM SMART. YET AGAIN AND AGAIN, I AM DE-FEATED--
I OVERHEARD THEM SAY THAT SHE WAS BURIED WEARING JEWELS! JEWELS I CAN SELL!

SLOWLY, HIS WINGS BEAT AT THE THICK, HUMID AIR.
IN THE DISTANCE, A CHURCH BELL TOLLS, CALLING MOURNERS TO A SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE. HE HEARS IT AND SMILES.

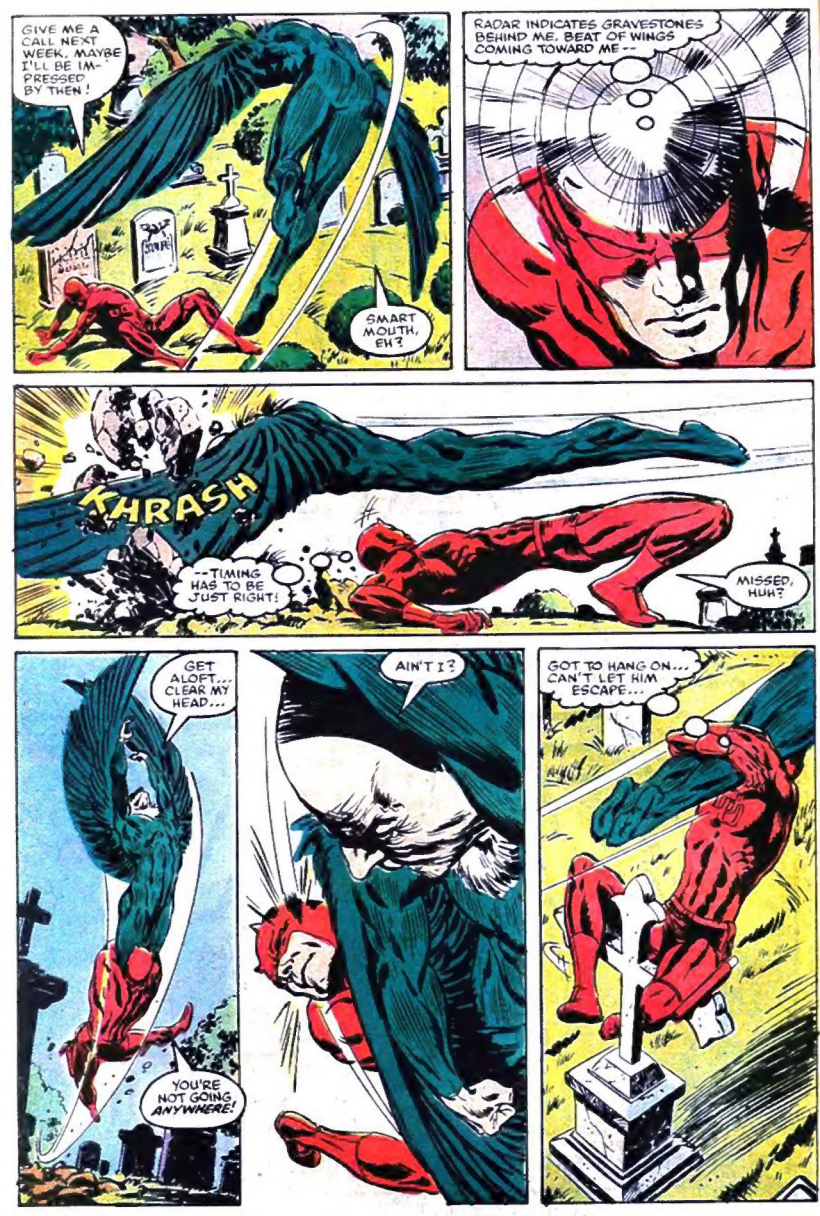
AT THAT MOMENT, IN A NEIGHBORING BOROUGH...
DRIVER, I'VE CHANGED MY MIND.
YOU DON'T WANNA GO TO MANHATTAN?

TAKE ME TO THE CEMETERY.
I'VE BEEN SO FRAZZLED SINCE I RETURNED FROM ITALY* THAT I HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO VISIT HEATHER'S GRAVE.
*ISSUE #221 - R.M.


I'VE GOT AN HOUR OR SO TO SPARE AND SINCE I'M IN THE AREA... I MIGHT AS WELL.
MAYBE IT'LL LESSEN THE GUILT I FEEL ABOUT HER SUICIDE.
HERE WE ARE, MAC. WANT I SHOULD GO WITH YOU? I MEAN, YOU BEIN' BLIND AND ALL--
NO, THANKS. I'LL BE FINE.
I COULD WAIT, WOULDN'T BE EASY GETTIN' ANOTHER CAB.
I'D APPRECIATE THAT. I'LL ONLY BE FIFTEEN MINUTES.
LONELY GRAVEYARD ON A CHILLY SUNDAY MORNING... A LOT LIKE MY LIFE, LATELY.
HEATHER'S DEATH... THE PROBLEMS I'VE BEEN HAVING WITH FOGGY NELSON... THE UNCERTAINTY OF MY RELATIONSHIP WITH MY NEW LOVE GLORIANNA...
NOT MUCH TO SING ABOUT.
WHAT WAS THAT SAYING I HEARD THE OTHER DAY? LIFE IS HARD AND THEN YOU DIE.
EH--! SCRAPING SOUND FROM THE DIRECTION OF HEATHER'S GRAVE AND MY RADAR SENSE IS INDICATING--

--SOMEONE DIGGING!
SOMEONE WHO SHOULDN'T BE HERE!
SOMEONE I'LL HAVE TO DEAL WITH--
--AS DAREDEVIL!
YOU! VULTURE!
YOU'VE SUNK PRETTY LOW THIS TIME. YOU'VE SUNK TO THE BOTTOM!
ROBBING A GRAVE--?
UNG!
WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU EXPECT ME TO DO?

WHUMP
NOT TO HEATHER GLENN! NOT WHILE I'M AROUND!
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE HIT ME, BOY! THAT WAS A MISTAKE--
THAT'S WHAT VULTURES DO!
-- REAL BAD MISTAKE!
HE HAS THE VOICE -- AND THE SNOW -- OF AN OLD MAN... AND THE PUNCH OF A WRECKING BALL!
SEE BOY, THESE WINGS DON'T ONLY LET ME FLY! THEY MAKE ME STRONG!


GIVE ME A CALL NEXT WEEK, MAYBE I'LL BE IMPRESSED BY THEN!
SMART MOUTH, EH?
RADAR INDICATES GRAVESTONES BEHIND ME. BEAT OF WINGS COMING TOWARD ME--
THRASH
--TIMING HAS TO BE JUST RIGHT!
MISSED, HUH?
GET ALOFT... CLEAR MY HEAD...
YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!
AIN'T I?
GOT TO HANG ON... CAN'T LET HIM ESCAPE...

THINK YOU CAN HOLD ME DOWN?
YOU'RE A FOOL, BOY!
HE'S IMPOSSIBLY POWERFUL--!
YOU LIKED MAKIN' ME BASH INTO A HEADSTONE, BOY?
I GOT BAD NEWS FOR YOU --
I LIKE THAT KIND OF THING, TOO!
KWOP
BE SEEIN' YOU, BOY-- IF YOU'RE UNLUCKY!
CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY...

HE'S STILL IN RANGE OF MY BILLY WHIP!
MAYBE I CAN SNAG HIM--
--AND GO ALONG FOR THE RIDE!
YOU JUST WON'T LEARN, WILL YOU BOY?
THERE'S NO WAY I CAN AVOID THAT TREE--!
SHA-
KREWTCH
THUDD

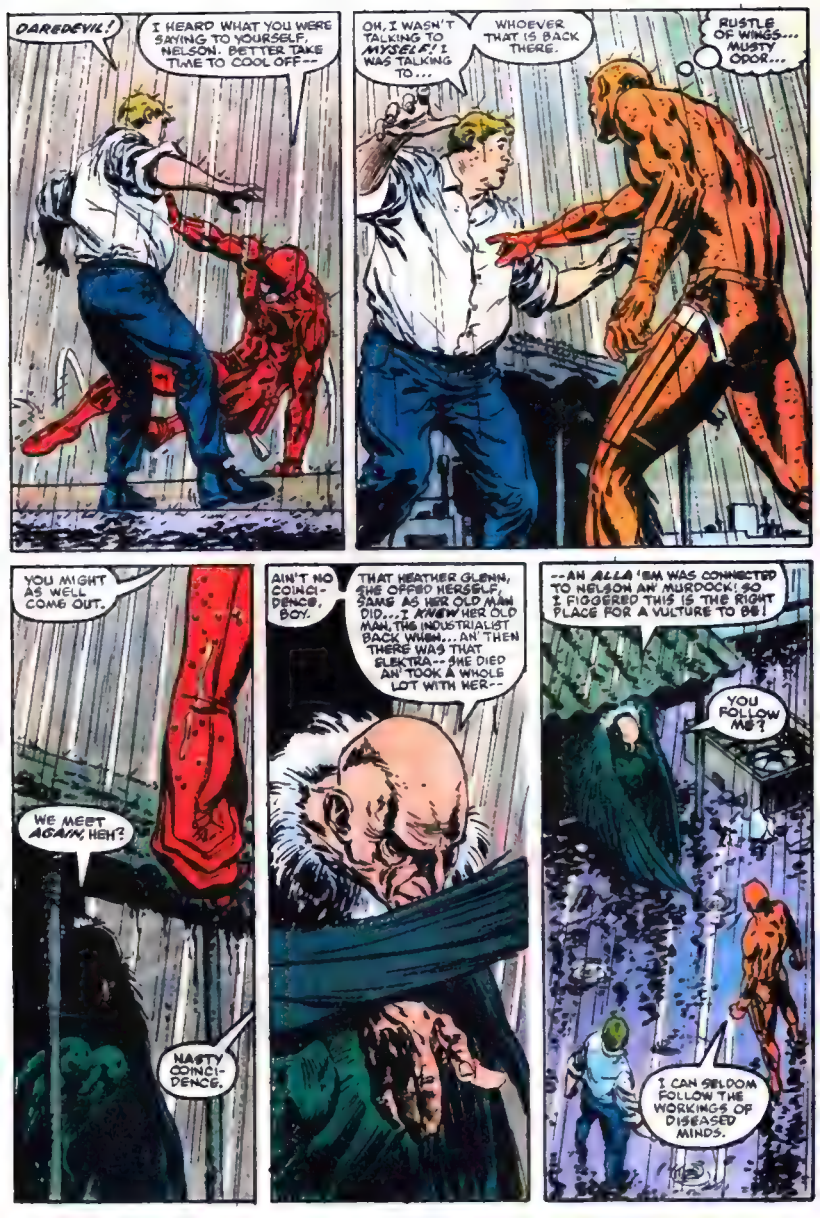
BEST NOT MESS WITH ME AGAIN, BOY, OR I'LL THRASH YOU GOOD.
I FEEL THRASHED ENOUGH! SHOULDER'S DISLOCATED ...HEAD'S THROBBING...
BUT AT LEAST I PREVENTED HIM FROM DESECRATING HEATHER'S BURIAL PLACE! I WONDER WHAT HE WAS AFTER--AND WHY HEATHER?
THE VULTURE'S PLAGUED SPIDER-MAN'S LIFE IN THE PAST--NOT MINE. I KNOW LITTLE ABOUT HIM.
BUT OUR PATHS ARE GOING TO CROSS AGAIN...I CAN FEEL IT.
MY CLOTHES! I'D BETTER CHANGE BACK INTO MATT MURDOCK.
I HOPE THE TAXI'S STILL WAITING. I'M IN NO CONDITION TO *WOOF* IT TO MANHATTAN.
SOON, AT THE BUILDING WHICH HOUSES THE LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK--
YOU LOOKIN' FOR THE LAWYERS, MISTER?
ONE OF 'EM'S INSIDE, BUT HE WON'T BE FOR LONG.
NELSON
FOGGY... WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY IS THAT MAN REMOVING OUR NAMES FROM THE DOOR?
'CAUSE THIS ISN'T OUR OFFICE ANY MORE, MATT.

WE HAVEN'T PAID OUR RENT IN THREE MONTHS, SO THE MANAGER GAVE US THE BOOT!
I'M CHECKING THE WANT ADS. BUT THERE ISN'T MUCH DEMAND FOR WASHED-UP LEGAL HAS-BEENS.
CAN YOU BLAME HIM?
WE'RE OUT OF BUSINESS, MATT! KA-PUT. FINI. THE END.
WHEN DID ALL THIS HAPPEN?
IT'S BEEN HAPPENING FOR MONTHS--
--AND I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU IT'S BEEN HAPPENING! BUT YOU HAVEN'T LISTENED!
I GUESS IT DIDN'T REGISTER--
I GUESS NOT. YOU'VE BEEN TOO BUSY RUNNING OFF TO ITALY AND ARIZONA AND... WHEREVER!
WE HAVE NO CLIENTS AT ALL?
NOTHING EXCEPT CHARITY CASES.
YOU'D KNOW THAT IF YOU STOPPED BY ONCE IN A WHILE.
I REALIZE I HAVEN'T BEEN AROUND MUCH--
THAT'S RIGHT. YOU HAVEN'T. YOU HAVEN'T BEEN AROUND FOR ME, FOR THE BUSINESS...
...JUST LIKE YOU WEREN'T AROUND FOR HEATHER.

I'M SORRY.
I TRUSTED YOU, MATT--
EVER SINCE WE WERE SCHOOL KIDS I TRUSTED YOU AND DEPENDED ON YOU AND...
YOU LET ME DOWN.
IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO?
NOTHING. NOT A DARN THING.
I'M GOING FOR A WALK.
I FEEL LIKE A PART OF ME IS GOING WITH HIM... GOING TO SOMEPLACE COLD AND UGLY.
HARD FOR ME TO IMAGINE WHAT LIFE WOULD BE LIKE WITHOUT FOGGY... WITHOUT THE FIRM OF NELSON AND MURDOCK...
MY TEACHER-- STICK-- SAID SOMETHING ONCE...
THINK YER HOT, HUH, KID?

WELL, EVEN IF YOU WAS TWICE AS GOOD AS YOU THINK YOU ARE, YOU'D STILL BE STUPID.
WANNA KNOW WHY?
'CAUSE YOU THINK FIGHTING'S THE WHOLE BALLGAME.
AN' IT'S ONLY HALF.
THAT OTHER SIDE'A YOU... THE SIDE THAT GOT THEM GOOD MARKS IN LAW SCHOOL -- THAT'S AS IMPORTANT AS THE FIGHTING SIDE.
YOU EVER FORGET THAT, PUNK, YER IN BIG TROUBLE!
THE SIDE OF ME THAT WENT TO LAW SCHOOL... THAT'S IN DANGER, I GUESS.
WONDER HOW LONG FOGGY'LL BE GONE!
I JUST REALIZED SOMETHING--
--HE LEFT WITHOUT PUTTING ON HIS JACKET.
I REMEMBER HEARING HIM GET INTO THE ELEVATOR--
--AND I HEARD THE ELEVATOR GO UP... TOWARD THE ROOF!
WHY?
I'M AFRAID I KNOW THE ANSWER!
BOY, IF THERE WERE A PRIZE FOR MISERABLE, I'D SURE WIN IT.
FIRST, MY MARRIAGE GOES DOWN THE DRAIN AND NOW MY BUSINESS IS FOLLOWING IT.
AND MATT... I DON'T WANT TO BE MAD AT HIM, BUT I CAN'T HELP IT!

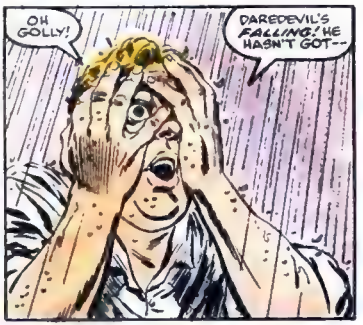
THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE...END OF SEMIDRAL LINES.
DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYWHERE TO GO FROM HERE.
FUNNY... LIFE JUST DOESN'T HAVE MUCH MEANING!
THAT'S RIGHT, DUMMY. IT DOESN'T.
'CAUSE AT THE END OF IT THERE'S DEATH... AND DEATH HAS THE MEANING.
IT'S MEANING IS THAT LIFE DOESN'T HAVE ANY! YOU FOLLOW ME?
NOW WAIT A MINUTE, YOU.
I CAN'T AGREE. I MEAN, BEFORE, I WAS JUST MOUTHING OFF...
WHAT I SAID WASN'T TRUE...
I DON'T THINK IT WAS...
IT COULDN'T BE.
I'VE NEVER BEEN SO CONFUSED.
I'M NOT SURE OF ANYTHING, ANYMORE.
CRIPES.


DAREDEVIL!
I HEARD WHAT YOU WERE SAYING TO YOURSELF, NELSON. BETTER TAKE TIME TO COOL OFF--
OH, I WASN'T TALKING TO MYSELF! I WAS TALKING TO...
WHOEVER THAT IS BACK THERE.
RUSTLE OF WINGS... MUSTY ODOR...
YOU MIGHT AS WELL COME OUT.
WE MEET AGAIN, HEH?
NASTY COINCI-DENCE.
AIN'T NO COINCI-DENCE, BOY.
THAT HEATHER GLENN, SHE OFFED HERSELF, SAME AS HER OLD MAN DID... I KNEW HER OLD MAN, THE INDUSTRIALIST BACK WHEN... AN' THEN THERE WAS THAT ELEKTRA-- SHE DIED AN' TOOK A WHOLE LOT WITH HER--
--AN ALL 'EM WAS CONNECTED TO NELSON AN' MURDOCK! SO I FIGGERED THIS IS THE RIGHT PLACE FOR A VULTURE TO BE!
YOU FOLLOW ME?
I CAN SELDOM FOLLOW THE WORKINGS OF DISEASED MINDS.

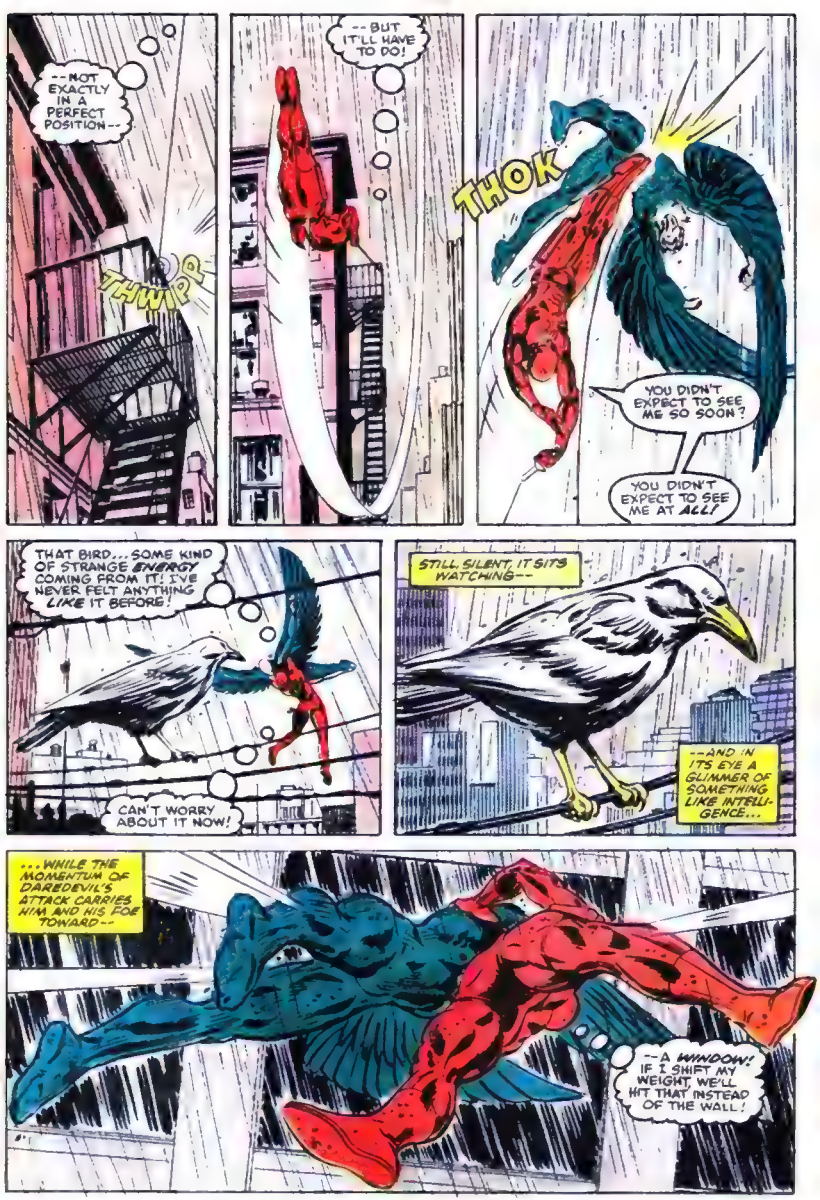
I WOULDN'T GO POINTING FINGERS, BOY. I GET THE FEELIN' YOU AIN'T EXACTLY HEALTHY YOURSELF.
LET'S CUT THE CHITCHAT! WHAT DO YOU WANT?
BACK IN THAT GRAVEYARD, YOU BOTHERED ME. KEPT ME FROM GETTIN' WHAT I WENT AFTER.
THAT BURNS ME, BOY--
--AND MAYBE I'LL DO SOMETHING THAT'LL MAKE SURE IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!
I GOTTA TELL YOU, BOY--
UNGFH
YOU REEK OF DEATH. MIGHT BE TIME YOU SAMPLED SOME FIRST HAND!

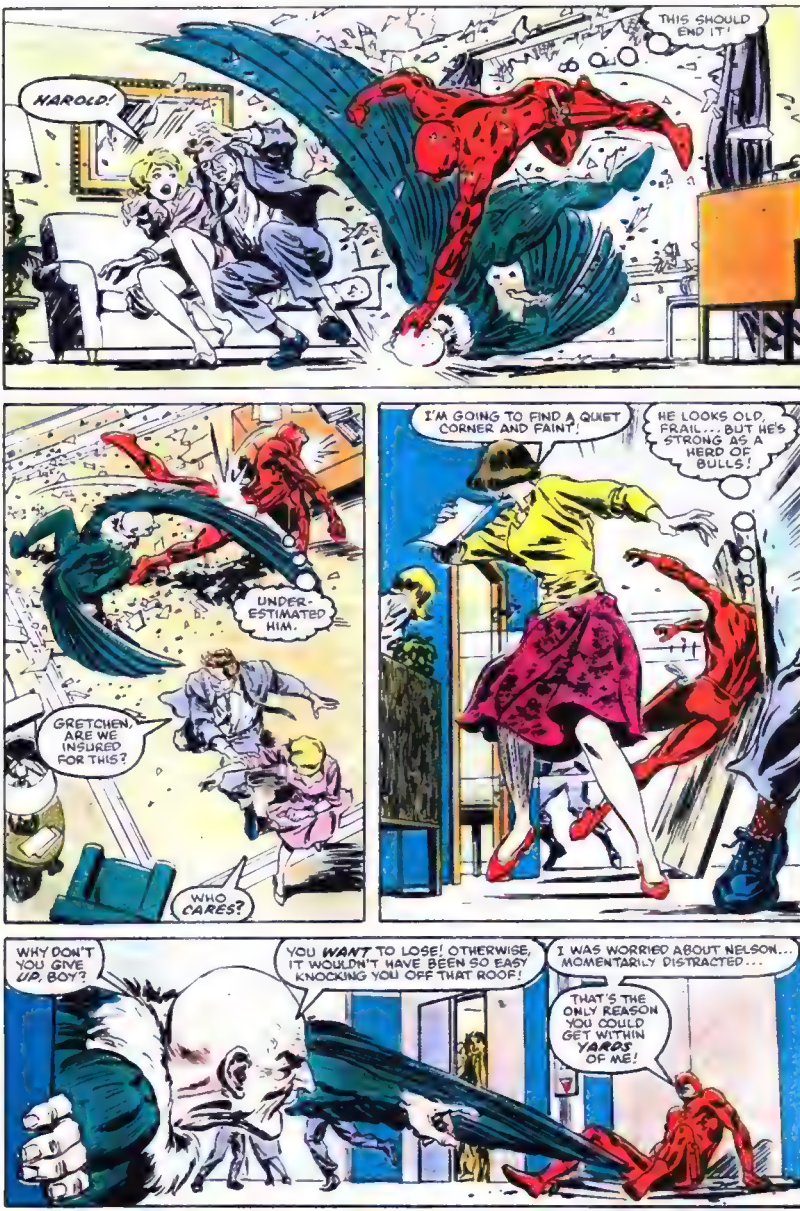
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? I STOOD THERE LIKE A LUMP AND LET HIM TAKE ME!
IS HE RIGHT? DO I HAVE SOME SORT OF DEATH WISH?
NO!
YELLIN' WON'T DO YOU NO GOOD--

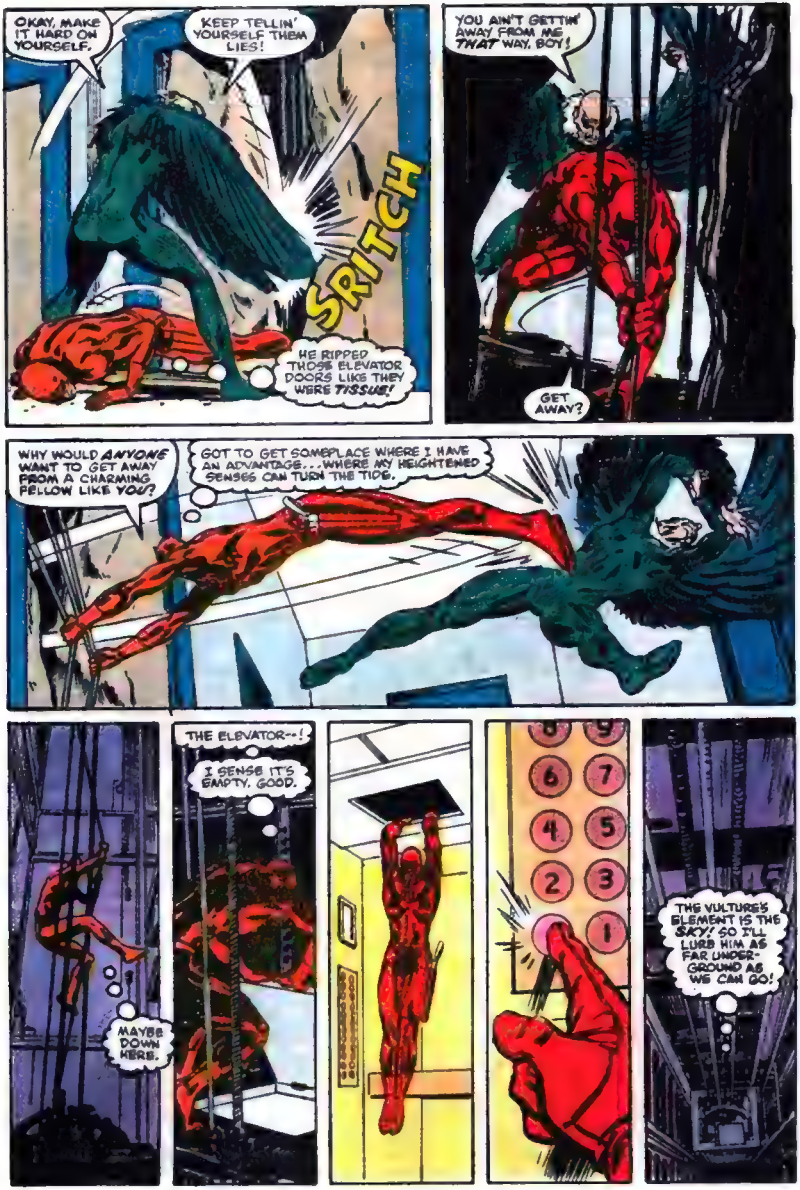
--ONLY MAKE ME MADDER!

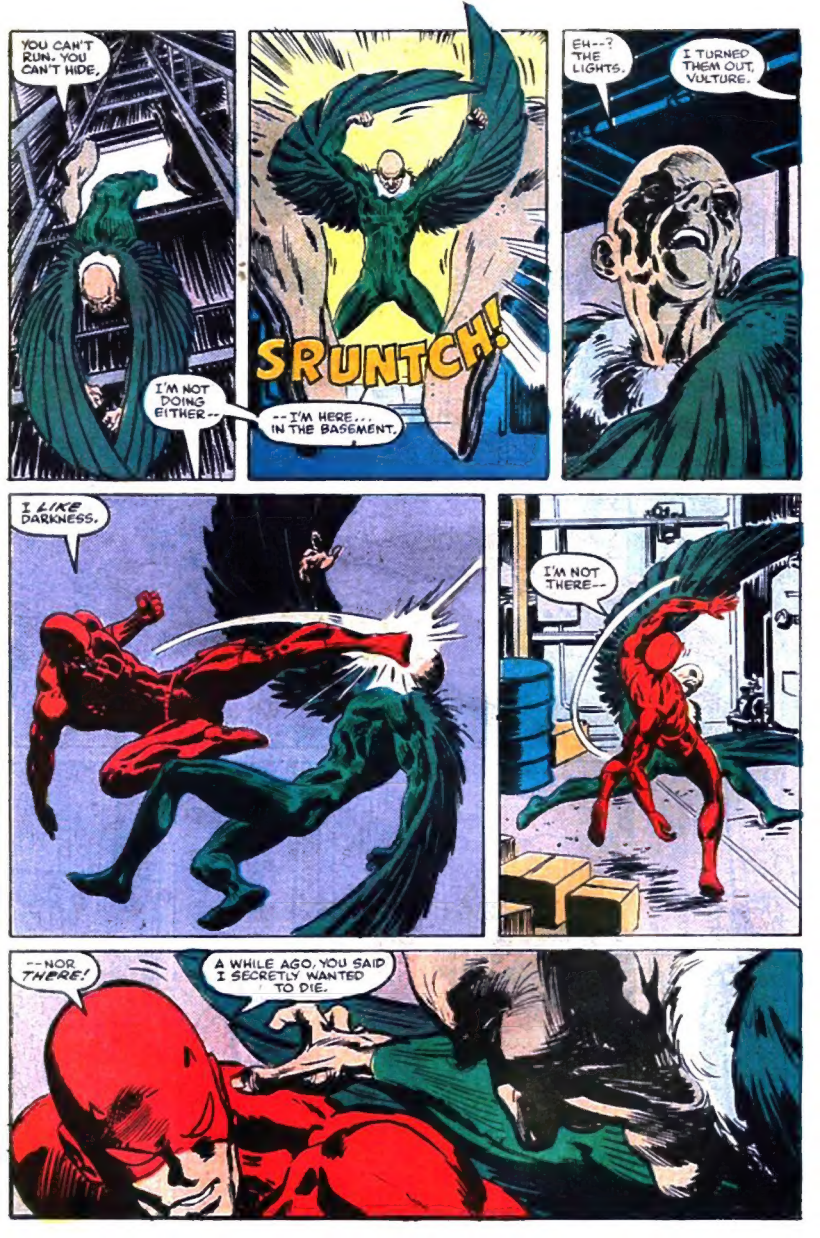

OH, GOLLY!
DAREDEVIL'S FALLING! HE HASN'T GOT--

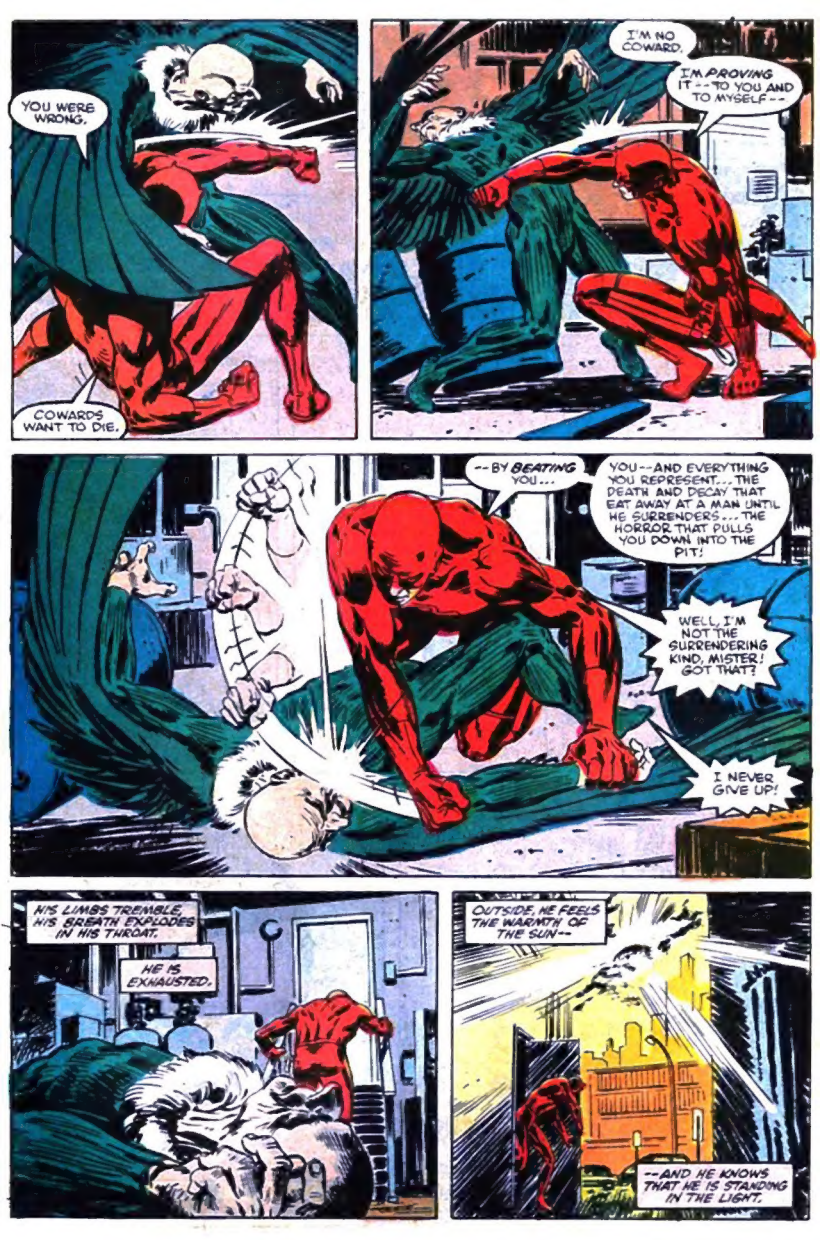
--A CHANCE! JUST ONE!
WON'T GET A SECOND!
I SENSE A FIRE ESCAPE--

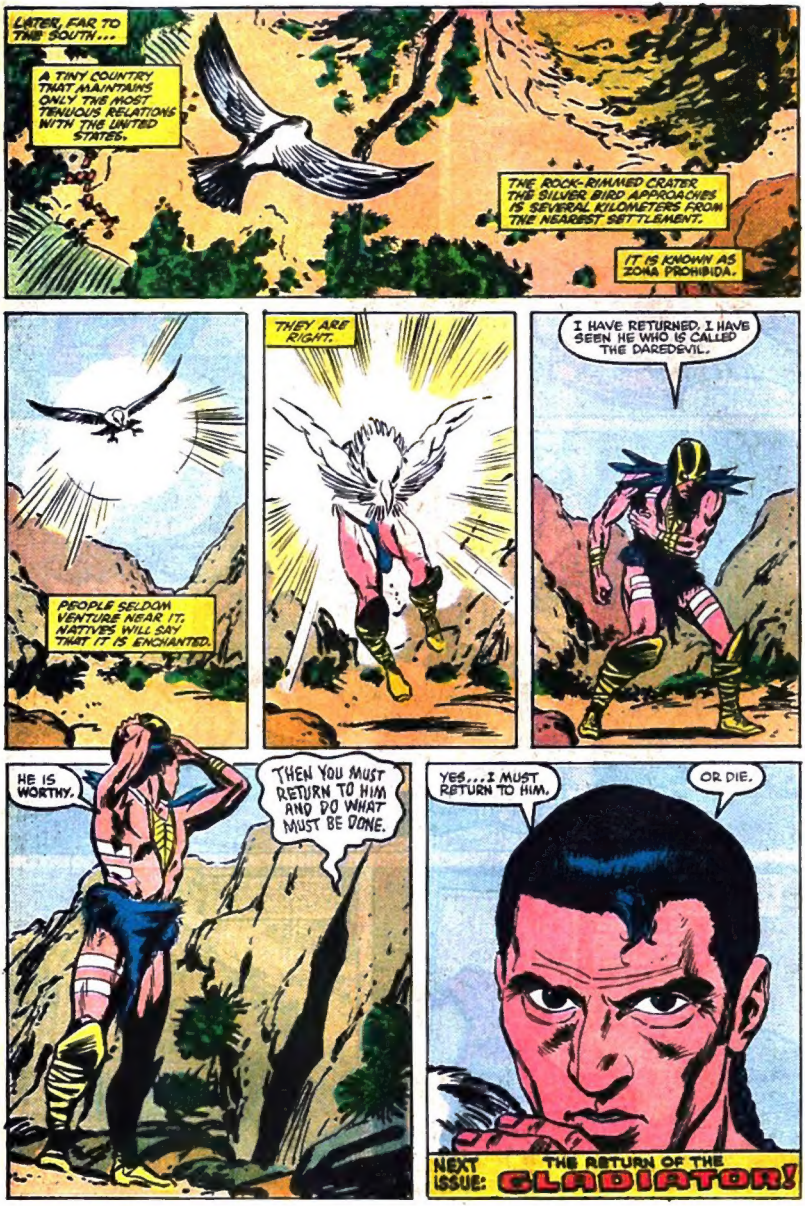

--NOT EXACTLY IN A PERFECT POSITION--
THWIP
--BUT IT'LL HAVE TO DO!
THOK
YOU DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE ME SO SOON?
YOU DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE ME AT ALL!
THAT BIRD... SOME KIND OF STRANGE ENERGY COMING FROM IT! I'VE NEVER FELT ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE!
CAN'T WORRY ABOUT IT NOW!
STILL, SILENT, IT SITS WATCHING--
--AND IN ITS EYE A GLIMMER OF SOMETHING LIKE INTELLIGENCE...
...WHILE THE MOMENTUM OF DAREDEVIL'S ATTACK CARRIES HIM AND HIS FOE TOWARD--
--A WINDOW! IF I SHIFT MY WEIGHT WE'LL HIT THAT INSTEAD OF THE WALL!


HAROLD!
THIS SHOULD END IT!
UNDER-ESTIMATED HIM.
GRETCHEN, ARE WE INSURED FOR THIS?
WHO CARES?
I'M GOING TO FIND A QUIET CORNER AND FAINT!
HE LOOKS OLD, FRAIL... BUT HE'S STRONG AS A HERD OF BULLS!
WHY DON'T YOU GIVE UP, BOY?
YOU WANT TO LOSE! OTHERWISE, IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SO EASY KNOCKING YOU OFF THAT ROOF!
I WAS WORRIED ABOUT NELSON... MOMENTARILY DISTRACTED...
THAT'S THE ONLY REASON YOU COULD GET WITHIN YARDS OF ME!


OKAY, MAKE IT HARD ON YOURSELF.
KEEP TELLIN' YOURSELF THEM LIES!
SRITCH
HE RIPPED THOSE ELEVATOR DOORS LIKE THEY WERE TISSUE!
YOU AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY FROM ME THAT WAY, BOY!
GET AWAY?
WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO GET AWAY FROM A CHARMING FELLOW LIKE YOU?
GOT TO GET SOMEPLACE WHERE I HAVE AN ADVANTAGE...WHERE MY HEIGHTENED SENSES CAN TURN THE TIDE.
MAYBE DOWN HERE.
THE ELEVATOR--!
I SENSE IT'S EMPTY. GOOD.
6 7
4 5
2 3
1
THE VULTURE'S ELEMENT IS THE SKY! SO I'LL LURE HIM AS FAR UNDERGROUND AS WE CAN GO!


YOU CAN'T RUN. YOU CAN'T HIDE.
I'M NOT DOING EITHER--
SRUNTCH!
--I'M HERE... IN THE BASEMENT.
EH--? THE LIGHTS.
I TURNED THEM OUT, VULTURE.
I LIKE DARKNESS.
I'M NOT THERE--
--NOR THERE!
A WHILE AGO, YOU SAID I SECRETLY WANTED TO DIE.


YOU WERE WRONG.
COWARDS WANT TO DIE.
I'M NO COWARD.
I'M PROVING IT--TO YOU AND TO MYSELF--
--BY BEATING YOU...
YOU--AND EVERYTHING YOU REPRESENT... THE DEATH AND DECAY THAT EAT AWAY AT A MAN UNTIL HE SURRENDERS... THE HORROR THAT PULLS YOU DOWN INTO THE PIT!
WELL, I'M NOT THE SURRENDERING KIND, MISTER! GOT THAT?
I NEVER GIVE UP!
HIS LIMBS TREMBLE. HIS BREATH EXPLODES IN HIS THROAT.
HE IS EXHAUSTED.
OUTSIDE, HE FEELS THE WARMTH OF THE SUN--
--AND HE KNOWS THAT HE IS STANDING IN THE LIGHT.


LATER, FAR TO THE SOUTH...
A TINY COUNTRY THAT MAINTAINS ONLY THE MOST TENUOUS RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES.
THE ROCK-RIMMED CRATER THE SILVER BIRD APPROACHES IS SEVERAL KILOMETERS FROM THE NEAREST SETTLEMENT.
IT IS KNOWN AS ZONA PROHIBIDA.
PEOPLE SELDOM VENTURE NEAR IT. NATIVES WILL SAY THAT IT IS ENCHANTED.
THEY ARE RIGHT.
I HAVE RETURNED. I HAVE SEEN HE WHO IS CALLED THE DAREDEVIL.
HE IS WORTHY.
THEN YOU MUST RETURN TO HIM AND DO WHAT MUST BE DONE.
YES... I MUST RETURN TO HIM.
OR DIE.
NEXT ISSUE: THE RETURN OF THE GLADIATOR!

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

RALPH MACCHIO: editor — CRAIG ANDERSON: assistant editor

% MARVEL COMICS GROUP-387 Park Avenue South-New York, New York-10016

Attention correspondents: if you don't want your full address printed, please be sure to tell us so!

Dear Mr. O'Neil,

After the events in issue #220, I am forced to comment.

I saw Matt Murdock walk into the room and find that his ex-fiance, a woman he had loved, had committed suicide by hanging herself. I felt probably the same things Matt did.

SHOCK: How could this have happened?

ASTONISHMENT: How could Heather have done this?

GRIEF: Heather is gone, forever. Even though I never really liked her, I will never, ever see her again.

I then realized that Matt and I were similar in one way. We both ignored Heather until it was too late. Matt (as Daredevil) is a man of action who saves lives and punishes criminals. He has no time to listen to chronic complainers like Heather.

In a similar way I never liked Heather's character. She was the bubblehead, the poor little rich girl, the little brat I was thankful we never saw very much of. When she was complaining to Matt about how bad she felt I wanted to flip through the book to a later page with something more important going on, never guessing that I was staring the main event right in the face.

And now she's gone. No carefully developed sub-plot over the previous few issues hinting at an impending death. No big announcement that someone close to Matt would die. We got absolutely no warning at all. How accurately this story mirrors death in the real world.

You have created a story that moved me emotionally as few others have. My compliments to you and my sincerest condolences to Matt.

Larry Dudock
Setauket, NY 11733

Dear Messrs. O'Neil & Mazzucchelli,

Sure, you've gotten a lot of praise in the past for your DAREDEVIL stories, but with issue #220 you've finally grabbed me enough to write.

Heather Glenn is dead? I still find it hard to believe it was suicide. I guess the hardest part to take is the way Daredevil handled the situation with her. Couldn't he see she was asking for help?

I guess it will be quite a while before I forget page 10 where we find Heather dead. I've been enjoying DAREDEVIL lately but this is the type of story that made me get up and really look at DAREDEVIL.

Allen Freeman
Frankfort, KY 40601

Unfortunately, Allen, Daredevil couldn't see that Heather was asking for help until it was too late. Had he known what was going to happen, he undoubtedly would have done something.

Dear Denny,

I just want to compliment you on a superb issue. I must say though that I'm sorry Heather had to commit suicide.

Marc Richmond
Newport News, VA 23602

Marc, we too are sorry Heather committed suicide. She didn't have to, but that is how she chose to solve her problems.

Dear Devilers,

Just writing to say that I thought the story in DAREDEVIL #220, "Fog," was one of the best I have ever read. The feeling and raw power of it have made this one of my all-time favorite issues.

Give Denny a well-deserved pat on the back. Also, David's artwork was beautiful. His eye for detail is amazing.

Donald Holman
Baltimore, MD 21216

Dear Denny, Frank, David, and Ralph,

DAREDEVIL #220 was spectacular! Wow! I didn't know Denny had it in him. You guys are simply fantastic. I can't even find the words to express how excellent the story and art were.

Denny, "Fog" was great. This was one of your best stories yet. Now I know why you've been with the book so long. You love the character of Daredevil so much. I have DAREDEVIL from #139 to the present and I can say without delay that you are one of the best writers this book ever had.

And Denny, I loved the words that Matt and Foggy said in the last two panels on the last page. Makes you think.

Rodney Risbrook
Brooklyn, NY

Marvel,

DAREDEVIL #220 marks a climactic turn in the life of the red garbed hero as well as the quality of the magazine since the departure of Frank Miller. David Mazzucchelli is a worthy successor to Miller. His deference to streamlined images as opposed to the traditional rendering of penciled figures heralds his artistic maturity. This is the best post-Miller issue I've read. In point of act, this issue should be received as a tribute to Mr. Miller.

The crispness of the script and the economy of the layouts demonstrate an impeccably brilliant handling of a subject shrouded in a fog of controversy. I don't remember when the topic of suicide was explored with so much depth and real emotional reaction. The suicide death of Heather Glenn hit me with the force of a dull shock. My reaction echoed Matt Murdock's. I was not prepared for it. No one can be prepared for the event of suicide. The day before #220 hit the stands, a sixteen-year-old boy walked into the pharmacy I work at and purchased several candy bars. He was a regular customer. He left for home and hanged himself in his backyard. I can only imagine the reaction of his parents when they found their son.

Suicide is not glamorous. It is a foolish way out when numerous avenues are left open and the ramifications are unspeakable. I pray that the power of this story is successful in highlighting the pointlessness of killing yourself.

Collin J.H. Chang
Address Withheld

Collin, and all the rest of you who sent in letters (whether we had room to print them or not), we're glad you were so moved by Heather's suicide that you had to write us. We received letters from all over the country, from Hawaii to, well, right down the hall . . .

Ralph,

You're probably wondering why I've written this letter. After all, I work right down the hall. It would have been far easier to talk to you in person.

The suicide of Heather Glenn really made an impression on me. I wish people wouldn't make suicide one of their options to solving problems. It really doesn't solve anything, and it doesn't allow for reflection, for putting things in their proper perspective.

I think that every once in a while we should stop what we're doing and tell the people who are important to us how we feel about them. If we only listened more often to the pleas for help from our loved ones, our friends, even strangers, we could prevent people like Heather from making the biggest, and last, mistake of their lives.

It's unfortunate that someone has to die in order for us to realize how precious life really is. Although Heather was only paper and ink, not flesh and blood, maybe her death will help to make us more sensitive to, and aware of, the problems of those around us.

Frederick Baumann
New York City